

# Witchy-Toony Delights: Slitherin' Summer Heat (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

107 Degrees.

The heat was unbearable. The air felt like it was choking him. He could feel the ground cooking beneath his shoes. Sweat was pouring down his face. It was all too much.

Thomas Jordan hurried to salvation, only a block away from where he lived. The location: Witchy-Toony Delights. They had access to much better air conditioning than his place and had ice cold treats.

*Gotta speed up, he thought, panting heavily as he ran, can't be out here long...*

He turned a corner and there it was, the small business in the center of a small parking lot. Checking the street for traffic, he hurried across it and ran as fast as he could. The front door was slowly growing closer and closer.

Bam! He burst through the doors and was greeted by a blast of cold air. It was like Heaven itself. The heat was long gone, the doors to the oven closing behind him.

He brushed his brow and looked around, spotting an employee at the front counter. It was Cassie the Red Toon Dog, the usual counter girl he's seen here. However, the pupper gal didn't seem so lively today. Her head was resting on the counter, her floppy ears split onto it as well. Her tongue was hanging out and she was panting heavily.

*Gees, even when it's so cool in here, that fur must be insanely hot.* Thomas thought as he approached, wiping his forehead again.

A small paper fan appeared from behind the counter, weakly flapping at Cassie. She looked at her customer, panting. She quietly, whimpered, "Wel-wel-welcome to-to Wi-Witchy-Toony De-Delights... how can I... can I... help you?"

"Ummm, you okay? You seem... well, a little..."

Cassie's tongue zipped back into her mouth and she stood up, hunching over. "I'm soooo hoooooooot and not the good kind of hawt." She put on a small smile. "But... but being in heat shouldn't stop you from havin' a nice treat."

*...not gonna ask what she means by "being in heat".* Thomas looked past her and looked over the hanging menus. Lots of options that all sounded tasty, but his eyes lingered on the Special of the Day. It showed an image of a yellow ice cream with a mint green swirl in it.

*Might as well start there.* He cleared his throat. "I'd like the Special of the Day, please."

With a renewed, out of nowhere burst of energy, Cassie jumped and did a spin. Her tail wagged and leaned over the counter. “Yeahyeahyeah! Special of the Day! That’s the best special! One special coming right up!”

She zipped away, hurrying into the backroom behind her. He could vaguely hear her calling out, “It’ll be five dollars and fifty cents pleeeeeeease!”

A few seconds later, just as he was reaching into his pocket, Cassie returned. “Ta-da!” She did another spin and held the ice cream cone up to his face. Yep, yellow with a green swirl in it. Smelled fruity to him, but also had a faint trace of mint as well.

Either way, he handed her a five and a few bills [“Keep the change,” he said], and took the cone. The dog girl giggled happily, counting the money up before putting it away.

Satisfied, he turned and started walking over to one of the booths. Only taking a few steps though, he felt his mouth water as the scent of treat wafted up into his nose. He brought the cone up to his mouth and gave it a nice, gentle lick.

He froze in place as a cold shiver ran up his spine. Goosebumps broke out across his entire body, hairs standing on end. His eyes clenched tightly, his brain stinging. *Wh-whoa... that ice cream... it... it...*

“Is something wrong?” Cassie called out curiously.

He slowly turned around, facing the curious pup. His eyes opened, revealing bright, yellow slits. He smiled. “Everything is fine. Sorry... just was surprised by how yummy it tasted!”

“Oh! Well, our treats do leave that kind of impression on others.” The dog giggled again, Thomas merely nodded. He went in to lick the cone again, a long, forked tongue slipping out and sliding all over his ice cream.

“Mmmm, tasty~” He shivered, the feeling much more pleasant for him. His short, black hair quivered gently, a faintish green tint appearing just beneath it. Said tint did not remain faint for long, his hair slowly falling out and leaving him bald.

Beneath the hair were emerald green scales. They were smooth, glittering under the shop’s lights. While they covered the scalp, they slowly spread to the rest of his dark skin. They cloaked his forehead and sides of his head, crossing onto his cheeks and jaw.

He took another lick of his ice cream, shivering again. This time though, his head reshaped itself. It flattened in the center, eyes raising up. His cheekbones stretched to the sides, ears fading into his skull. His head shifted forward as his neck shifted to behind his cranium. Finally, his face stretched forward, mouth filling with fangs and nostrils fading into him. He now had the head of a green snake.

He blinked a few times, eyelids turning dark purple. “HMMMM, something the matter?”

Cassie's head was tilted. She was carefully stroking her chin as she stared at him. "Oh! Umm, nope! Not at all! Just hoping that ice cream is to your liking."

"Oh, well it is pup." He gave the cone another lick, shivering. Pop. Crack. Slither. His body wobbled and vibrated for a moment before growing. Just his torso though, his waist and navel being exposed, as it stretched two feet longer. His arms and then his legs stretched as well, his body looking a little rubbery and bendy now.

The towering figure's head nearly bumped against the ceiling, but he paid it no mind. "This is, like, the bestest ice cream I ever had! I feel soooooo cooler right now!"

He thought about that word: "cooler". Without having noticed it, he definitely felt colder. It was like the room dropped twenty degrees. Though, looking at her, Cassie was still fanning herself quite a bit, looking quite steamed.

"Well that's good! Ummm, do you want more ice cream though? You're kinda running out there, sweetie." Thomas looked down. Sure enough, in his scaly, four-fingered green hand, he had an ice cream cone that was more cone than ice cream.

"Oh yesssss please!" He licked his chops and he swallowed the cone whole. His neck had stretched out an extra few inches to do so, before retracting back... to its now usual long length.

Cassie nodded and slipped into the back again. Thomas reached for his pocket, looking down. It was then it all clicked. His longer body, green scales cloaking his arms and his exposed stomach, the way his body was bending and stretching as he reached down and looked with his head. He was completely different.

"Holy ssssssssmokesssss!" He hissed and gasped simultaneously.

"I'm baaaaaaaack!" Cassie declared, returning with another ice cream cone, "Whose gotta the money for this sweet honey... look, trying to go for a rhyme is hard, okay?"

Thomas ignored that and snapped over to her, asking, "Hey! What'sssssssss the big idea here? Why am I lookin' sssssso different?"

"Oh my! Have you not have our transformative specials before? Dearie me!" Cassie gasped, smacking a paw against her face. "I apologize, dear snake! Let me explain..."

She cleared her throat and spoke, a dramatic flare in her tone, "Wellllll, you see are specials of the day, and most of our ice cream to be fair, has transformative elements to it. They bring out the inner toon lying deep within a person, letting be fancy and free and silly and free to be fancy and silly too!

"Now, I'm sure this may be a bit much and having too much ice cream can be a bit wild for some. So, I can just put this ice cream away and we can--"

“Nah-ah!” Thomas held up his hand, wagging a finger. “That’ll be unnecessssssary!” He took out some money and swapped it for the cone. “Just a little surprised is all. I’m ready for more delicious iccccccce cream treaty goodnesssssss!”

Yes. More ice cream. He wanted more of it. It tasted so good, every inch of his body craving more of it. It screamed for more; more to keep pushing him forward. How could he refuse when something screamed for ice cream?

He happily gave his new cone a nice, big lick. Yep, just as tasty as the last one. His body rumbled slightly, but he paid it no mind. Instead, he unconsciously took off his glasses and dropped them into his pocket with a big **PLOP**.

Taking another taste, he shivered in delight. *Ooooooh my! Thisssss tasssssstes so good! I feel so tingly and giggly!* He giggled. He gave it another lick and shivered. This time, it wasn’t from delight. *Brrrr, isssss it jussst me or did it get colder in here?*

His body shivered harder, his grey shorts rattling. With each jolt and rattle, they slp more and more down his hips and then thighs. **PLOOOP!** They fell down into a big heap at his feet.

With his shorts gone, there were surprises uncovered. His boxers were gone, replaced with a bright yellow bikini bottom. Behind him, a small, green tailish nub was sticking out above his hindquarters. Most importantly, the normal bulge in his crotch was gone. Only a flat surface was waiting behind his new swimwear.

The reptilian toon gal didn’t care though, merely looking down for a moment before returning to her treat. She licked more and more of it up, sugar filling her body and energizing it. Green scales quickly swallowed her form, leaving no trace of her almond skin tone. Not that she cared. Green looked wonderful on her.

“Thomas” stepped back, slipping his feet out of her discarded shorts. Doing so even had her slip out of her tennis shoes, letting her bare feet touch the tile. They were now green themselves, down to only three digits and claws sticking out their ends.

Touching the ground, she shivered a little. The cooler temperature in the building was starting to get to her. Maybe she needed to get a little sun now?

*Hmmm... sun soundsssss good right about now.* She smiled. **Lick. Lick. Lick.** Her hips widened, pushing out several inches and curving into a pleasant, round shape. *Sun soundsssss really good! Not as good as thissssss yummy treat, but still!* **Lick. Lick. Lick.** Her rear ballooned up, buttcheeks swelling greatly as the back of her bikini bottom vanished between them.

*Yeeeeaaaaah! I want sun! Lotssss of sun! Like... like beach sun! Its the bessst kinda sun there isssss!*

She opened her mouth wide, wider than before, one last time and tossed the entire cone right in. **GULP!** She licked her scaly chops and let out a low belch. “Ahem. Exxxxxcuse me!”

Cassie merely clapped with delight. “I’m just happy you like and might I add, somebody is lookin’ all stylish and cute now!”

The snake woman looked at herself and smirked. “Thanksssss, doggie. I do look stylisssssh.” She bent down and picked up her shorts, reaching into the pocket where she put her glasses. She pulled out a large pair of sunglasses instead, placing them on her head where they perfectly stayed in place.

The new toon hugged herself and sighed and hissed blissfully. “Ah yesssssss, thissss will be a ssssplendid day. The ssssssun issssss out and I’m feeling the beach issssss the place for me today! I have the perfect body for it already.”

“Ya do?” A question mark appears about Cassie’s head.

“But of courssssse.” The toon snake giggled and gently lifted her shirt up and over her head, not even remotely budging her sunglasses.

Va-BOOOOOM! Despite her torso just having a wide waist and flat chest, once the top was off, everything was different. Her scaly waist was far more contracted and pushed in, giving her lengthy form a more hourglass-esque shape. Her barren front was now home to two large, hefty melons that were barely held in by a matching bikini top to her bottom.

“Oooooooooooooooooo!” Cassie declared, her mouth puckering up and stretching out to stretch out that “Ooooo”. Her tail wagged up a storm so much, it looked like a plane propeller, “How sexy!”

“Awwww, thankssss!” Thomas smiled brightly, running her scaly fingers down her smooth body. She was certainly a sight for sore eyes, a sight that would certainly leave people looking up and down her long, incredibly body.

“Soooooo,” Cassie spoke, leaning over the counter and resting her head in her paws, “What’s the name, o’slithery beauty?”

“Hmmmmmm! Good question! I besst consssult my wallet!” Without another thought, she reached into her breasts and fished around in there. POP! She yanked out a bright yellow wallet and then a driver’s license from it. “Hmmm, accordion’ to thissss beauty, da name isss Ssssally Wiggles.”

Sally’s heart beat heavily, a happy, fluttering feeling filling her chest. Sally Wiggles. That certainly sounded right. It certainly sounded a lot like her.

“Wellllll, Sally, it’s been a pleasure meeting you.”

“Likewissssse Misssss Pooch. I’d sssstay, but the beach callssssss and if I sssstay any longer, I’ll freezzzzzzz like a popssssicle!” The snake blew out a puff of air, which froze into a large ice cube and shattered upon hitting the ground.

“Right, right! Cold-blooded creature! You have fun in da sun!” Cassie waved and Sally waved back, scooping up her old clothes and stuffing them behind her back into whatever toon pocket dimension she possessed. She could get them later.

The new snake stepped into the blazing sun. 110 degrees now from what she could gather. The air was still thick as ever and the pavement was hot beneath her feet.

110 degrees. She shivered with delight. What a glorious, wonderful temperature for the toon snake. She felt rejuvenated, energized by the heat. She felt ready to party and have fun in the sun on that beach, only a few blocks away.

The inside of that ice cream parlor was feeling much too cold for the toon now. But in this heat? She felt truly alive and in her element.

*THE END*